

(Contains TG Shenanigans, Painting TF)

"Excuse me. Can I ask you to pose for me?"

A sudden question took Rikuo Arane by surprise. The young man brushed aside his sidebangs to look at the speaker. It was an awkward but cute looking girl who was nervous as she held a canvas and some painter's supplies. Though she was honestly really cute. Friendly looking and warm too. Heck if anything their fashion style was similar. Though he would never let his pants be covered in splotches of paints like that. That would be a pain to wash.

"Ah- me?" Still he was a bit nervous too at being asked like that. "Pose?"

"Y-yes! Sorry I really needed a model! My previous one was cancelled and I was hoping you can help me... please?"

Yup. 100% cute.

Not to mention Rikuo's ego flared up a bit at the idea of being considered a model. It didn't seem like the girl was being bullied or this is a prank. He's got a knack for detecting things like that.

"Well, I'm not too busy right now. I can go for it."

"Oh you're such a life saver thank you thank you thank you!"

Yeah, this was a good idea. Besides this is just helping someone and hey maybe he even has a new friend now! Not that he was short on them...

"This is part of my art project but I really couldn't do it any other time," She said beaming as she-oh she was really setting up her canvas right there. It wasn't as if they're in a busy part of the park so it was fine. Well, the public place is fine. It was a great place to relax after all. "And don't worry! I'm such a pro that I can finish this in five minutes!"

"Five minutes? Wow, sounds like I'm in the presence of an art genius or something,"

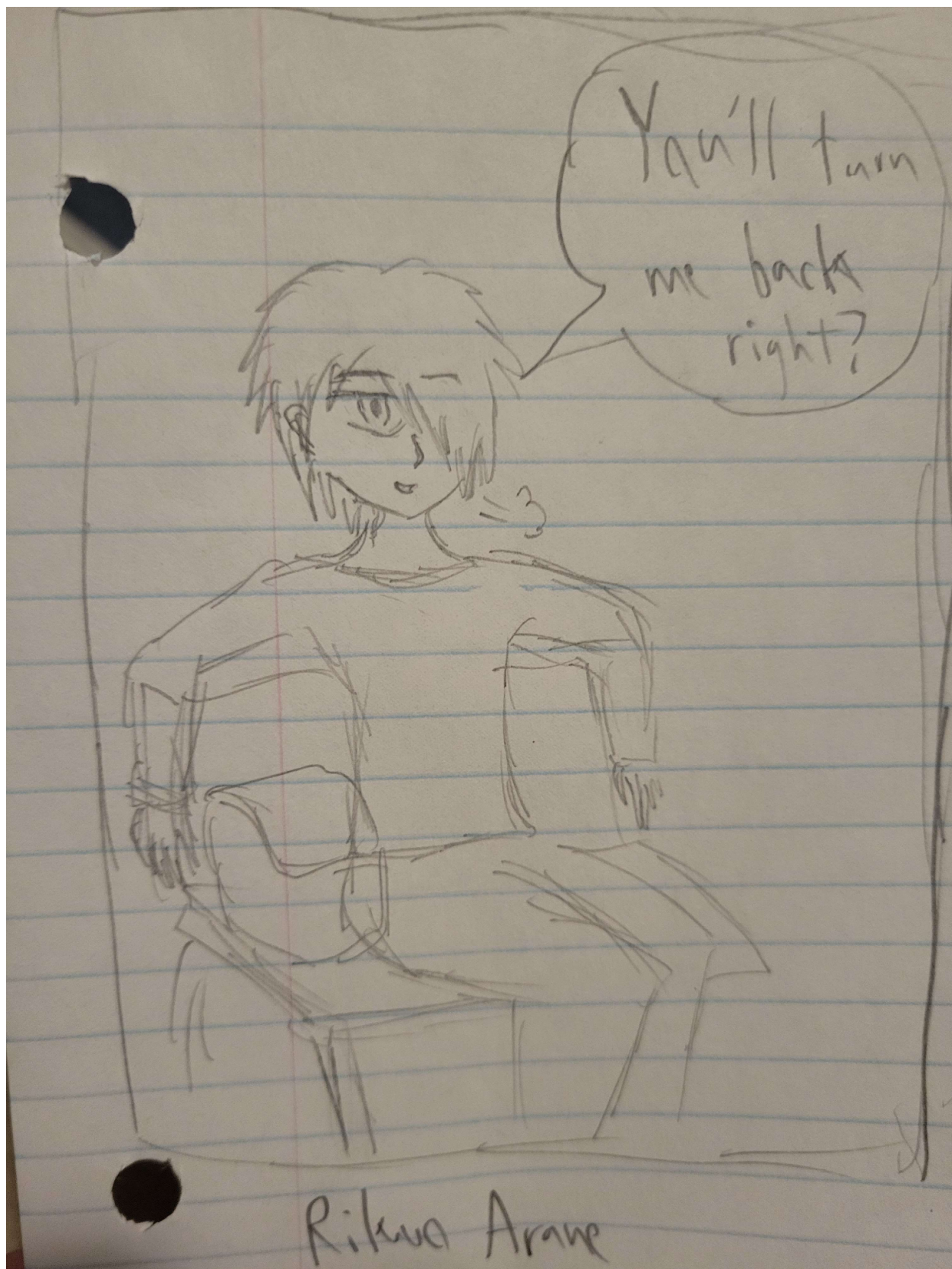
"Proud to be one~!" What a dork. "Name's Alice Guertena by the way! What's yours?"

"Rikuo. Rikuo Arane,"

"Oooh gotcha! I'll dedicate the name of my painting to you~!"

"Oh nah, you don't need to do that!" Though Rikuo adjusted his sitting position. "So um- just sit here is all? Or should I do something else?"

“Nah! You’re good at that!” Alice was already pointing her fingers like a camera at her. Trying to get a frame or something? “Just stay still for 5 minutes then? That okay?”



“Sure. I’ll stay as long as you want me to.”

PERFECT

?

Rikuo rubbed his eyes.

Did Alice just had a wide smile upon him saying that? Not a cute one. An actual... lunatic looking one? No wait. She’s just smiling in happiness. Odd. It almost did look like a psycho for a second... Must be the heat maybe? Yeah, it was making him sweat.

“Okay! I’m starting now!”

The moment she painted, something felt very wrong. Rikuo was holding his pose but paused. There was some strange feeling of change. As if something that’s not meant to be had just happened. So he moved.

And failed to move.

Rikuo remained frozen.

Holding their pose as that shaky smile persisted. For brief moments Rikuo can find himself moving his fingers slightly, slowly his hand. But then he found his body ‘rebounding’ back in place.

‘!? The hell-?!’

“Ah! Please don’t move!! This is important!”

Wait.

Don’t move- she detected that! Did she know anything about this? Rikuo tried to voice his complaints but found his mouth would just slightly open. It was difficult, only letting out soft gasps at first. Yet soon enough he could voice out a statement.

“Wait hold on-”

SPLAT

Only for his mouth to close. At the same time he saw Alice toss a glob of paint onto the portrait.

“Shhh!! An artist is focusing!”

?!

What did she do? His mouth was now shut and he couldn't speak at all! Now muffled sounds coming from this. Not to mention that his mouth felt very very covered up despite him not feeling it. Rikuo was aware that he had it at the pose of a smile, but it's not his goal to express that!...

Something brushed behind him. His neck and the back of his head. Did someone get behind him and paralyze him with a spell? A power? No wait... It tickles. It was hair. Long hair cascaded all the way down past his back. What was-

The long hair reached all the way to the bench. Rikuo's half bangs hairstyle was kept yet somehow ended up befitting.

'Is she... changing me-?'

On the painting, right beside Rikuo there's a thought bubble that displayed those words.

"Yup! There we go! Thought bubbles are nicer since you don't change your pose while I paint!"

The thought bubble was erased, fading. Before being replaced by new words.

'How are you doing this?! Why??'

This was the only way Rikuo could communicate at least with the painter. Maybe he can get some insight on how to get out of this or to even get her to stop if this was a misunderstanding.

But Alice didn't react.

She simply hummed as she continued to paint, her brush dipping into blue paint. And a few wipes there- Rikuo would've recoiled in horror at realizing what just happened His legs and hips were different. The brown jeans he wore became blue pants with unquestionably childbearing hips. Well... Maria did tease him on how he can pass off as a woman with their size previously but now it was ridiculous in size! Massive in size! In fact it felt very tight. As if his hips were really that size and his pants were altered. No wait.

The lack of presence down there on his crotch.

Was he even a he anymore??

"I hope you don't mind! I like to make some enhancements to my models!"

The moment she said this, Rikuo felt a massive weight up front. The artist had dipped her paintbrush in white and placed it over **her** chest. Two orbs of white were on the painting. But for Rikuo, it felt like he had breasts. Large ones. It was the same size as his teacher, no doubt. Shit.

Her back was hurting from their inclusion alone!! How was she able to hold this pose?? Because of her power?? Rikuo would've gritted her teeth but instead she remained smiling as she was modified by this woman.

While on the painting the two large white orbs became more detailed as Alice drew more and more. She truly was an artist, painting with precision.

"So wonderful!! You're so pretty now miss!! You look homely too!"

'I disagree... This isn't what I signed up for... why did you turn me into a woman!?'

"Pfft right--... Eh? Wait you're not a woman?"

Alice looked stunned. Chuckling at first as if it was a joke but the more she stared at the painting. Then at Rikuo. Then at the words.

'!? What do you mean- I'm a guy!! Rikuo Arane!!'

"Ehhh? But you looked like a girl from up front and behind... oh... oh man. I really screwed up. I'm so sorry!"

Rikuo's fury from being called a girl was waning. Though her fellow student also joked that he-or rather she- could pass off as a woman it seemed to be a truth here. A slight groan and a shake of her head, but she couldn't even do that. If this girl really felt guilty she might get turned back then.

"I'll turn you back to normal after this, okay?? I promise!"

'... You promise? Despite turning me to a woman?'

"Yeah! It's easy enough okay! Please please please I really need to do this for my homework at magic school! I'll pay you money if you want!!"

Rikuo wanted to say no.... But then again how would he exactly convince her to turn back to normal after all this. Though from her view he could see her teary eyed expression. Not to mention she's cute. Sigh. This was fine. She'll commit to this. Besides, extra change would be nice.

'Fine. But you better make this quick-'

"Awesome! I can adapt!"

She didn't even let her finish!

Rikuo winced as the girl became messier with her painting. She was faster now though. Her smile became strained once more as more white was placed onto her chest. This time her eyes widened. Shit. This was bigger than her teacher. Beach ball sized. In the real world Rikuo's top pretty much stretched out. Her shirt pretty much expanded to push forward, with quite the bounce too. The massive formations drooped down and would definitely catch the attention of anyone that sees him. But Rikuo was just pissed. What was she doing?? Was this girl that horny? This was for homework?? But finally at least her posture changed that she was pulled forward-before being forced to sit up on the same position.

"Ah sorry! Hm... I'll fix you up but can you change your pose so that you'd have an easier time?"

A groan but Rikuo did sense a feeling of 'freedom' on her body. It wasn't applying to everything but it was enough to move. Hesitantly Rikuo moved as-

Rather than a simple formal sitting position, the woman was now sitting with her legs spread out. Her arms under her breasts in a hand hold position over her lap. With this her breasts push out a bit more, but are now at least semi-supported. Though she was no longer smiling. The woman's expression was a fierce glare, getting infuriated by each passing change.

'I really don't get this at all... I heard Art Schools are pretty lax but isn't this a bit much?'

"Oh wait, didn't you hear what I said earlier? Magic School, not Art School!"

Well, that answers the magic question.

'Still you really shouldn't do this... Oh well. At least I'm going to be turned back to normal soon after this-'

SPLAT

The thought bubble was covered up.

Rikuo felt a haze enter her thoughts. Wait. The artist drew a tree over the thought bubble. Did she do it by accident? The artist looked like she was in the zone. But how could she communicate like this... There's no way to. A weary sigh escaped her lips. If she covered it up then she'll probably write it over. Maybe she wanted the thought bubble over the background.

Soon enough despite not seeing it, Rikuo could feel that the background was rewritten. She was no longer in some local park. She was in some sort of field bench with trees and flora all over. A picnic basket set up. It almost looked like she was camping. Frankly, Rikuo's intrigued by the powers but she can't really be too happy inquiring about it considering how much it warped her form.

"Miss Rikuo you are just so amazing... If I hand you in like this I'm sure I'd get full marks!"

Rikuo disagreed with that but found little method to voice her complaints.

“But ah! You look too mad! So let me just add a few more things. I think I want to go for the bonus~!”

BRUSH!

Daintier hands. Rikuo’s hands were softer and... a wedding ring shone there. She was really going for sheer details huh? Still she was really a fantastic artist. Somehow Rikuo can sense that she perfected that ring.

BRUSH!

Rikuo widened her eyes. Eyelashes and eyeshadow on her exposed eye’s section? Her teacher often mocked people who were too gaudy with her makeup. If she saw her like this, no doubt she’d be poked fun at.

BRUSH!

Makeup and lipstick over her lips were plastered over her lips as she tried to voice a complaint. This was getting a bit too much. Hair accessories like flowers were being added on weighing down on her hair.

Rikuo attempts to mouth a word-

BRUSH BRUSH BRUSH BRUSH!!

Lipstick. Red lipstick on her lips!

Her bag had been turned into an expensive fashion brand purse!

Her pants have been turned into a miniskirt!

Her long sleeve shirt now has a plunging neckline!

Her sneakers turned into heels!

Jewelry now adorned her!

It felt like every single bit of Rikuo had been warped to look more like this damn rich wife!! In fact everything about her body felt changed except for her bangs covering her left eye! And something felt absolutely wrong! Moving anything else was impossible! She could only ‘see’ through that eye.

"Perfectioooooon!! I love this so much~!" Alice laughed as she was writing something. "Alright now I just need a title."

Rikuo is simply annoyed.

"But phew. Finally I'm good. At least now I'll get a perfect mark for sure!" Though... Honestly, despite the frustrating events Rikuo was a bit glad that she was happier. But a deal was a deal.

Love that as you may, the painting is just as happy to be done. What else needs to be done, it inquires?

"Oh I just need to hand you in now," Alice said lifting up the painting with a smile. Odd. Why did Rikuo felt like her entire worldview just change? Her perspective was looking down on her as if... she's looking down... Wait--

The painting is confused. If it was to be handed in, how would it be turned back to normal?

Alice looked confused. Then gasped.

"Ohhh!!! Right right!" She nodded smiling. "But uh..... **Why would I follow a painting's request? You're my creation right?**"

The painting recoiled in confusion.

"Hm? Are you confused? I mean uh. **When I asked you to move you moved for me.** Clearly that means you are my painting. Thus my creation."

Alice was pocketing her supplies. She was moving the canvas and allowed the painting to see what was just on the other side. The bench that "Rikuo Arane" sat on was empty, as if no one had eve sat on it.

*The painting is horrified. It makes a clarification that it is **simply a model**. It deludedly states that it is a human being despite the fact that **this painting is a painting**. The painting is shocked at its choice of words. It cannot comprehend why it's considering itself as a painting.*

"Right right! **You're just my painting!**" She giggled as she drew a sun hat on. Preparing to cover any detail she missed modifying. Despite all that, she never fixed the painting's sidebangs.

*The painting tried to escape. **But it cannot!!!***

"The moment you moved for me was the moment you gave away yourself~! You followed my modification!" She added gleefully enhancing the browsers, altering the pale skin of the painting.

Turning it to a bright tan! “It’s like accepting a contract like saying your name to a Fey you know. But don’t worry! You’re a masterpiece now!”

The painting tried to foolishly argue but it cannot! For after all nothing said was wrong.

It is simply a painting!

“Oh and just a few more things...”



Rikuo Arane.

Auntie ~~Rikuo~~ Araneara

Auntie Araara Guertena

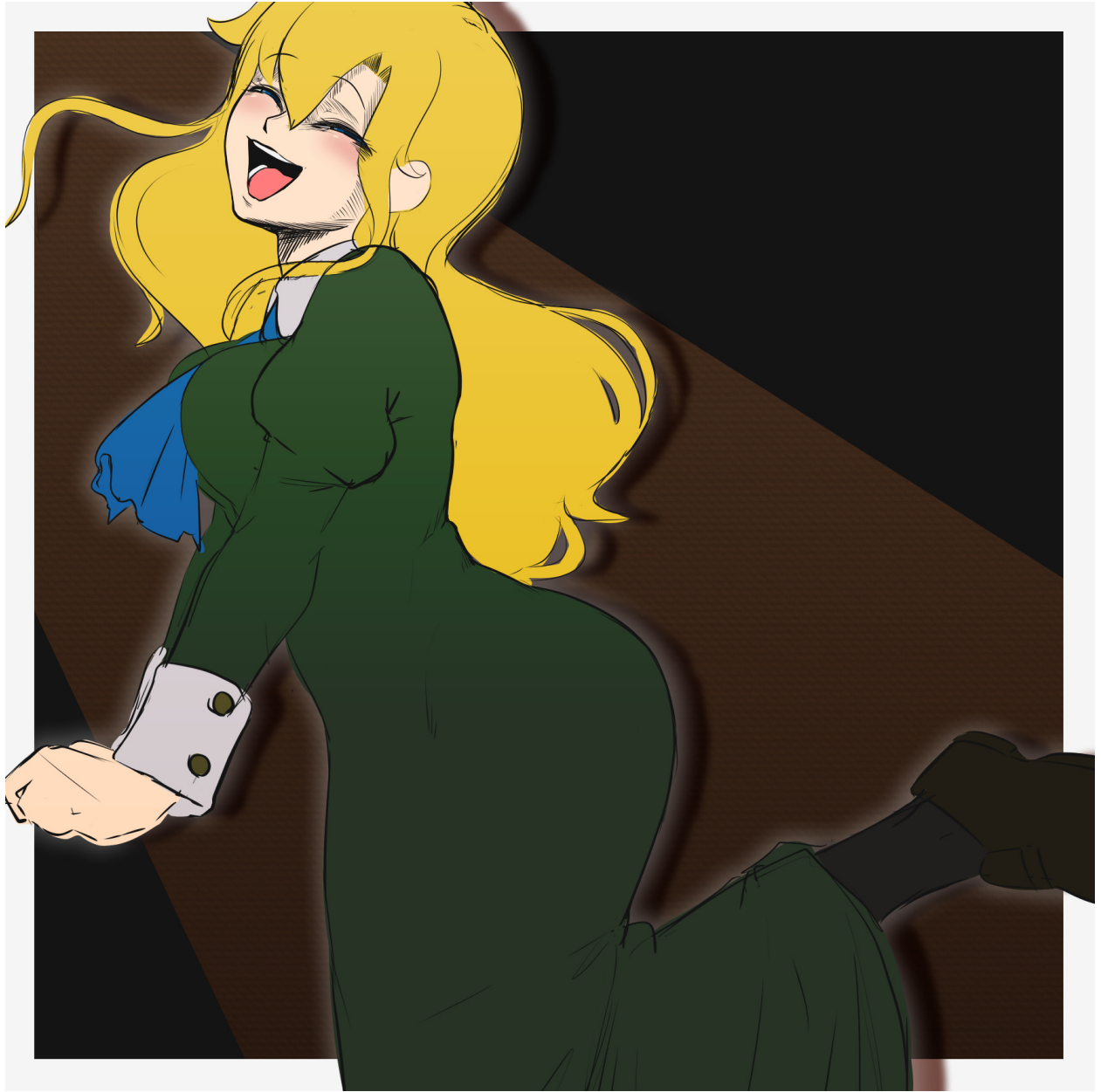
This picture is based on my aunt, who was the friendliest and warmest individual. She was an inspiration and often allowed me to paint her. Although my mother says she's a bit promiscuous she was without a doubt a lovely person.

"Oh right. Rikuo Arane doesn't make sense as a name. Let's see... Auntie Ara."

*The process of erasing her name was devastating. **REDACTED** trembled as she felt memories be chipped away. It wasn't like she let go of them. But the idea of having her name changed like that- into her real name Auntie Ara was conceptually warping. It was as if she drowned in a sludge of ink and couldn't get out of it. Only her eye can peer out into the world unchanged.*

And with that Alice smiled warmly staring at the portrait one more time, before pocketing it in a bag that should not logically fit it.

"Done! I hope this works out for me! Err... What was the name again.... Ehh! Not important!"



Artist Kaxiota - Warning NSFW